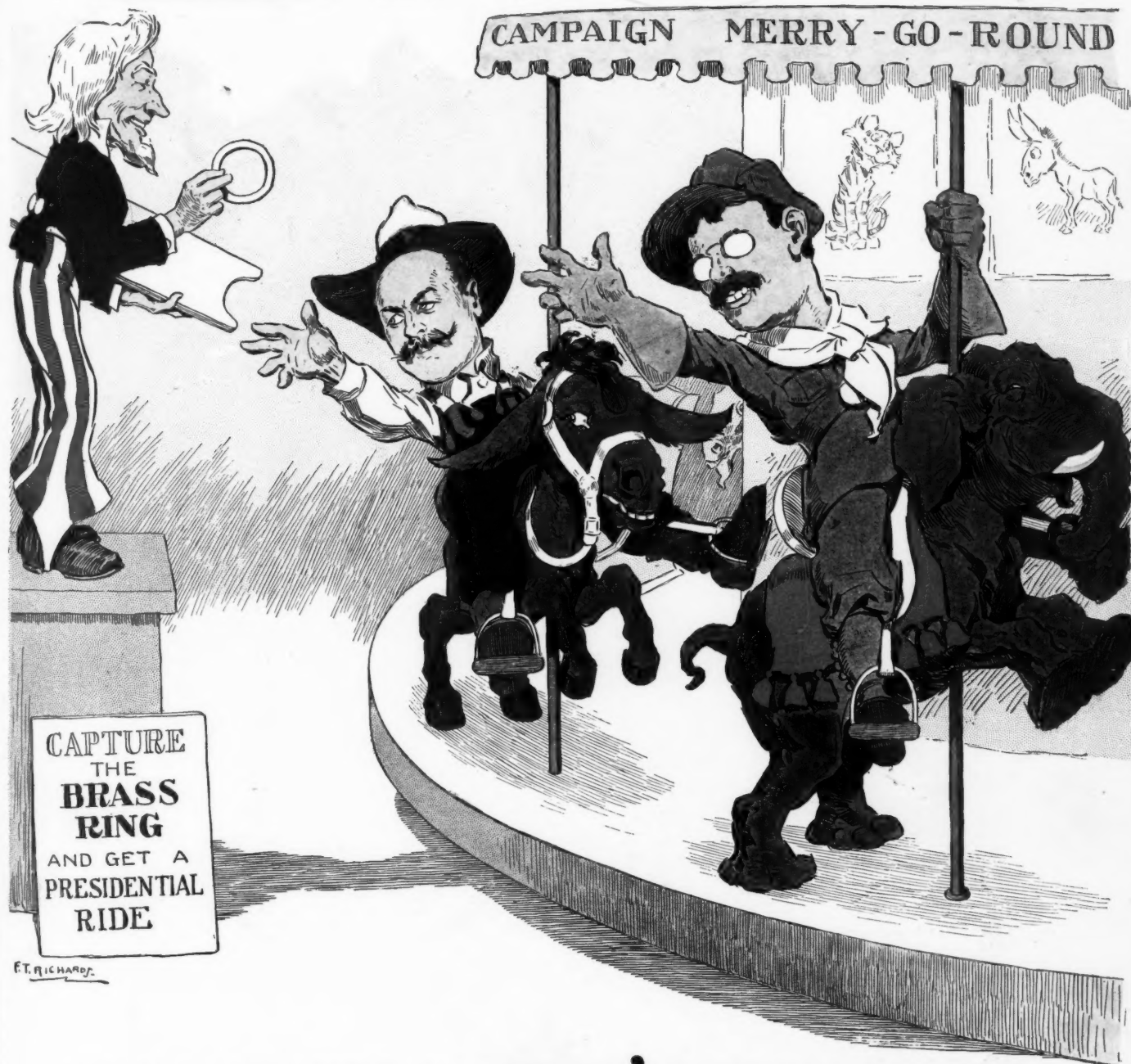


LIFE

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Hand-wrought Sterling Silver WEDDING GIFTS

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Broadway and Nineteenth Street, New York



VICTOR TALKING MACHINE



Loud enough for dancing

The New Victor Dance Records

At last the perfect Record for Dancing! It took us a long time and lots of money. Not so easy as it sounds to get the exact time, and bring out the instruments and notes that produce perfect dance-rhythm, and yet have a

loud clear beautiful tone

Professor Asher of the American Society of Professors of Dancing says:

"I have listened to the Victor Records for Dance Music and find the time to be perfect in every respect, and the records well adapted for dancing."

No more need of asking a friend to play the piano while the others enjoy their dancing. Better music and perfect time.

Send for book of Victor Dance Records.



Victor Talking Machine Co Philadelphia
The original makers of the Gram-O-phone

You can attach the

Cecilian Piano Player

to any piano and with it play any music you wish, in a better and more satisfying manner and with less fussing with complicated levers, etc., than you can with any other piano player.

The operation of the Cecilian is perfectly simple, and yet its musical performance is artistic in every sense of the word. It is under your absolute control all the time. You can play any music just as it should be played, bring out all the effects you desire, put all the expression you please into it, and do it without such excessive effort that you forget to enjoy the music.

The perfection of the Cecilian is in its simplicity and its easy operation. It makes your piano a source of positive enjoyment to every member of your family, for they all can play it.

The price is \$250, but you can buy on easy monthly payments if you wish.

Booklet and full information sent on request.

Farrand Organ Company, Dept. L.

London, England.

Detroit, Michigan.

Books.

HE wants no verses
Underneath the bough;
A good-sized bank book
Is the fashion now.

—*Washington Star.*

The Constancy of Birds.

THE well-known reluctance of birds to appear in public at the moulting season, lends a humorous side to the situation. Individuals which in other days are fearless and confiding, even inviting acquaintance, now scamper to cover as if urged by sense of common decorum. A pair of song sparrows escape from my observation as fast as their legs can carry them, with that peculiar side-wise trot of theirs, as if conscious of possible arrest by the police if caught attired in so scanty garments. I respect these sparrows and towhees by reason of their conjugal fealty, not one of them having appeared in the divorce courts of California. They mate for life, and remain constant through thick and thin of vesture, through the better and the worse of the year's changes. So far as I know, neither leaves the other to look after household affairs alone. Neither takes a pleasure trip to the shore or the mountains or back east; no, nor does either frequent the social clubs of such gregarious birds as the waxwings and the robins and the mountain blues.—Elizabeth Grinnell, in *Sunset Magazine* for September.

THE farmer's friend, the bull, is coming to his rescue and aiding in the crusade against the horseless carriage. A short time ago an innocent looking red automobile was ambling down Fifty-seventh Street, in New York City, and met an innocent looking bull. Most people know that for some inherited reason the male bovine dislikes the color of red. His entire family have always made the argument that it was bad taste. In fact, it was the influence of the bull family and their friends that brought about the prejudice against wearing red neckties. But as to the incident in the village of New York, where animals are permitted to wander in the streets—the auto and the bull had an argument. In the language of the railroader, "it was a head-on collision," the bull purposely getting on the wrong track. The result was that the bull met death gamely, and the automobile looked as though it had been through a dynamite explosion.

The bull was buried with due honors, and on his tombstone was inscribed this pathetic epitaph:

"The auto was red,
The bull is dead,
'Nuf said." —*Exchange.*

FIRST CROOK: Slickfinger has been arrested!

SECOND CROOK: You don't say!

"Yes, sir! Just like a common automobilist!" —*Chicago Daily News.*

"YOU see that well-dressed fellow coming across the street? I'll bet you are afraid to ask him to direct you to Third and Market streets," said Chief of Detectives John Martin the other day.

"I'm not looking for trouble," replied the reporter. "But why?"

"That's Jimmie Blank. It's an old story, but it's always fresh to Jimmie, because his old friends always have it on tap when they meet him.

"Fifteen years ago Jimmie was a bunco man. One day on Kearny street he walked up to a seedy looking young fellow and asked him the way to Third and Market streets.

"The stranger, with a scornful look, strolled across the street.

"Long afterward Jimmie met the same chap, and, not recognizing him, asked:

"Say, old man, I am a stranger in town. Can you show me the way to Third and Market streets?"

"Well, for the Lord's sake, haven't you found that place yet? You asked me that question more than a year ago," was the reply." —*San Francisco Call.*

THE dessert was floating island. When it appeared with its yellow showing through its foaming whiteness, mother asked: "Will you have some, Edna?"

"Please, none of the yellow, mother; but I'd just love a whole lot of the ruching," replied Edna.—*Washington Star.*



MABEL MIGGS THINKS IT'S ENOUGH
TO MAKE EVEN THE EDITOR OF A COMIC PAPER LAUGH

TOMFOOLERY

DRAWINGS AND LIMERICKS BY

J. M. FLAGG

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Between the Devil and the Deep Sea

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LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY
17 West 31st Street
New York

Japanese English.

THE following extract from a business letter received by a prominent business house from Japanese correspondents, modified by changes of names, etc., is an interesting exhibit of the national spirit, as well as of the unterrified disposition of the islanders in tackling the idiosyncrasies of our language:

"YOKOHAMA, July 30th, 1904.

"MESSRS. BLANK & Co.,
Chicago.

"Dear Sirs:

"It is with the deepest regret to inform you that our goods shipped by you on the 29th April ex SS. 'United States,' have sunk with the steamer in the sea near our country by the Russian War Ship, of which loss we have handed our claim note to the Insurance Co. at here.

"We see such a poor fleet as refuses to get into their honorable fighting and always run away with their extreme speed as soon as our navy appears before their sight, now comes out to our guardless side and intended to perform their barbarous transactions in preventing our trade with your country, at the same time to get an opportunity of taking their practice as a Pirate. This is their only object indeed, but nothing else, which render no effect against our fighting influence directly, but only a present commerce. We can be patient enough for such a tyrant fleet just a little while, as we can foresee how a keen punishment should be given to them in the near future unavoidable by our Navy. Still we must feel very sorry for Universal Commerce, especially for your country's, as to a great prevent. We hope and expect that these pirate will be washed off in short future.

"Yours faithfully,
"A. & Co."

Doubtless we would do much worse with Japanese.

SINCE Mr. Carnegie established the fund to pension heroes in civil life a good many changes have been played on the definition of a hero.

One of the best humorous definitions comes from a correspondent in a remote corner of a Western State:

"Please notify Mr. Carnegie we have a hero out here. He is running for sheriff on the Socialist ticket without a ghost of a chance."
—*Youth's Companion*.

SIR CONAN DOYLE recently told a story of an English officer who was badly wounded in South Africa, and the military surgeon had to shave off that portion of his brains which protruded from his skull. The officer got well, and later on in London the surgeon asked whether he knew that a portion of his brain was in a glass bottle in a laboratory. "Oh, that does not matter now," replied the soldier; "I've got a permanent position in the war office."—*Argonaut*.



J. J. Hill (after Béranger): I CARE
NOT WHO GROWS THE CROPS OF MY COUNTRY,
SO LONG AS MY ROADS GET THE LONG
HAUL.

THERE is no article of dress required for Servants in any position of service which we cannot supply at once from a large and varied stock.

The standard of quality is the highest—being manufacturers we can guarantee the workmanship.

Hats, Shoes and Furnishings in large variety.

We make a great many very superior Riding Breeches in Silks, Pongees, Khaki, Duck, Drilling, Whipcord, Twilled Worsted, Cheviot, etc., for Gentlemen Riders, Polo Players and Jockeys.

New Catalogue upon request.

SMITH GRAY & CO.



Blood will tell!

Broadway at
81st St., N. Y.;
Fulton St. at
Flatbush Av.;
Broadway at
Bedford Av.,
Brooklyn.



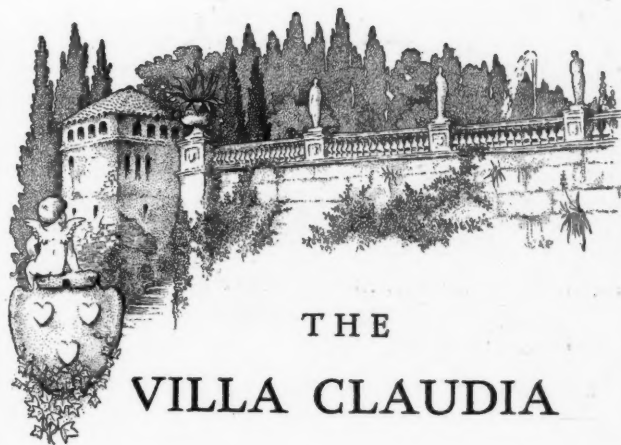
TRANSPARENT AS CRYSTAL
FRAGRANT AS FLOWERS

The best glycerine soap, "No. 4711." Its purity is absolute. Its perfume unequalled. Used for years in the Court of H. I. M. the Emperor of Russia. Can be applied to the most tender and delicate skin.

Manufactured by FERD. MÜLHENS, Cologne, o/R. Germany.

Sole U. S. Agents, MÜLHENS & KROPFF, 298 Broadway, New York.

Send 15 cents for full size sample cake.

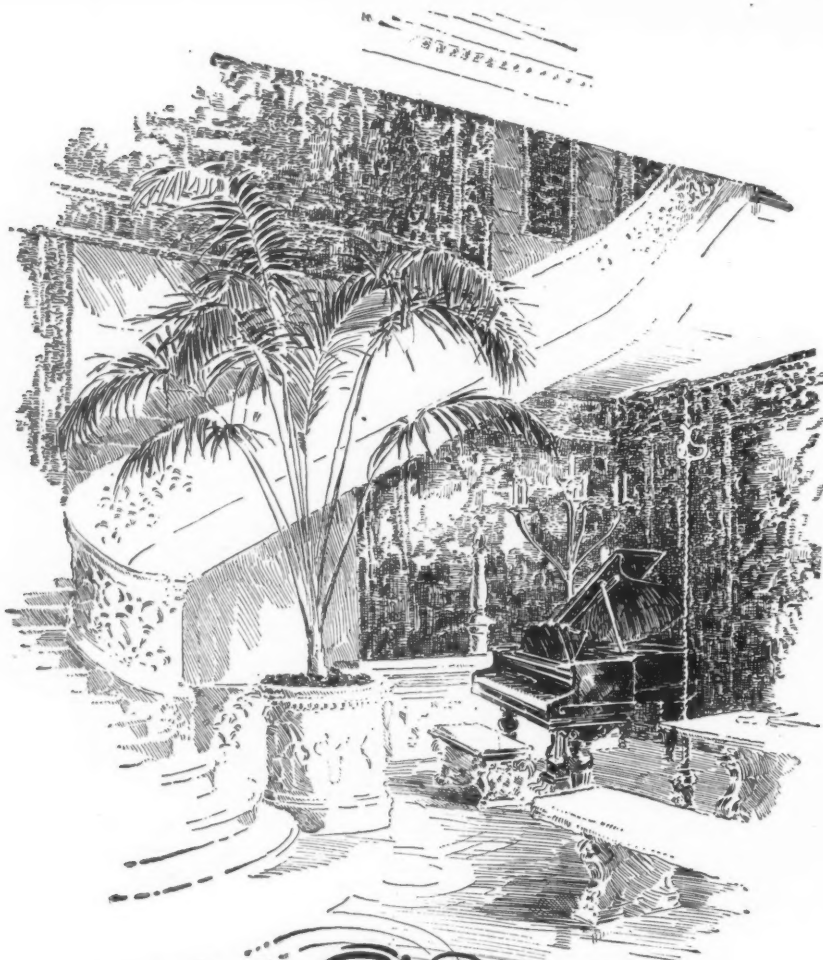


THE VILLA CLAUDIA

By J. A. Mitchell, author of "Amos Judd,"
"The Last American," "The Pines of Lory,"
etc. Fifty decorative designs.

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY. \$1.50

"Most absorbing."—*New York Times*.



Chickering Pianos

THE RECOGNITION OF THEIR SUPERIORITY

LEADS THE PROSPECTIVE PURCHASER TO CHEERFULLY PAY THE SOMEWHAT HIGHER PRICE ASKED FOR THESE FAMOUS INSTRUMENTS

EXQUISITE TONE AND HIGHEST QUALITY OF WORKMANSHIP AND FINISH

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KNOX HAT

the creation par excellence of the nation.

Agencies in all the principal cities in the world.

With a Telephone

the entire resources
of this great city are
brought within im-
mediate reach.

HAVE YOU A TELEPHONE?

New York Telephone Co.
15 Day Street.

Tribulation.

ON summer evenings on the lawn
It's always lots of fun ;
We sit and talk of many things
And watch the setting sun.
But when I want to listen most
To everything that's said,
Some one is sure to say to me,
"Come, dear, it's time for bed."

—St. Nicholas.

A Voice for the Dog.

A MAD dog does not rush!
A mad dog does not attack!
A mad dog does not froth at the mouth!
A mad dog will not fight back even when cornered!

The symptoms usually described as those of rabies are only those of a simple form of epilepsy or nervous disorder and are not contagious.

Hydrophobia is not caused by heat; epilepsy is. Hydrophobia is only communicable by a bite; epilepsy is not communicable at all. Dogs suffering from hydrophobia do not froth at the mouth; epileptics do.

The same author, and I refer to Dr. Wesley Mills, says: "Discrimination lies between this disease and epilepsy, or fits of various kinds, arising from the heat of the sun as dogs run the streets." Again he says: "Fear of water is a pure hypothesis so far as the dog is concerned."

Let a poor little house dog, unaccustomed to roughing it for himself, become nervously excited by the din of the street, or overheated on a hot summer day, and some fool raises the cry of mad dog and shies a brick. The dog runs and that is enough. Men are but savages under restraint and anything that runs must necessarily be guilty, and soon a howling mob is in pursuit and the dog is lucky indeed that escapes.

Every large city has a dog pound; hundreds of men are employed as dog catchers. They are frequently bitten. Did any one of them ever have hydrophobia?

Hundreds of men in this country keep dog kennels and raise dogs for sale; other hundreds make a business of training dogs for field trials, hunting and performing. They are frequently bitten. Did any one of them ever have hydrophobia?

"Give the dog a chance."

—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

"WHAT is your idea of harmony in politics?"

"Same as that of most other people in my line of activity," answered Senator Sorghum.

"Harmony consists in having your own way and persuading the other people to be resigned to fate."—Washington Star.

MRS. HOGAN: Plhwat does yez ould mon do, Mrs. Casey?

MRS. CASEY: Shure, he's a doimond cutter. "Yez don't mane ut!"

"Yis; he cuts th' grass off the baseball grounds."—Chicago Daily News.

The Travelers.

Jim Rickey soon will go away
And in oblivion hide,
While Tom comes marching bravely in,
With rolling gait and jolly grin,
And Jerry by his side.

—New York Sun.

Manners.

A WRITER in the *Manchester Guardian* whimsically argues for the method of systematic experiment rather than haphazard observation in the study of contemporary manners. Two simple experiments which he describes are performed with such easily procured apparatus as a straw hat and a gale of wind, a bicycle and a punctured tire. Either of the tests will develop the presence of manners in individuals in whom the ordinary superficial examination would fail to develop even a trace. The experimenter in the bicycle experiment, after achieving his puncture, has only to conceal his repair outfit, and take a station by the roadside.

Then, like a collector of moths watching his smear of treacle on a tree trunk, the student of manners sits and waits, and like moths to the treacle so his victims come. Very soon two total strangers have his tire off, their own career cut short, and their bicycles propped against the hedge. A little ring of cyclists watches them, offering advice and various instruments. When at last the puncture has been located there is quite a competition for the privilege of supplying the necessary patch. The student, if he chooses, may take up a collection of the rubber disks in case of a future emergency. When the tire has been replaced he is not even permitted to inflate it himself; a dozen willing hands are there to man the pump. Finally, he receives his machine back, restored to function, from dust-soiled, oil-grimed, perspiring Samaritans, who cheerfully remark, "I think you'll find she'll hold up all right now," and all take the road again, the better and happier for having exercised the higher attributes of humanity, for having displayed the possession of manners. . . . The same befriending cyclist will madden us on other occasions by the sight of his horizontal back and his obvious and insane desire to lure us into a scorching competition, in which our defeat would be assured, and our dignity and comfort alike sacrificed; whereas the experimenter may be one whom the most complicated array of knives and forks on a dinner table would be powerless to disconcert. Yet under the conditions of the experiment the balance of manners is all in favor of the former.—*New York Evening Post*.

"WOULD you be willing to work?"
"Sure," answered Plodding Pete, "if I could follow me chosen profession."
"What is that?"
"Conductor on a flyin' machine."

—Washington Star.

THE MANIFEST SUPERIORITY OF THE ANGELUS



CONTRAST for a moment automatic and individual piano playing. With a music-box or a mechanical piano player, you have a monotonous succession of notes but not an atom of expression or personal sympathy.

Look at a sheet of music and see the accent and expression marks—the very life and essence of the music. Now look at a perforated roll of music used in THE ANGELUS. It corresponds exactly with the sheet of music and contains all the same accent and expression marks, together with any change of time, all so clearly indicated that they can be easily followed by anybody. Remember it is not even necessary to be able to read music when playing with the aid of an ANGELUS.

How are these quick little touches, changes and shades of expression obtained?—WITH THE PHRASING LEVER—the exclusive property of THE ANGELUS.

Purchased by Royalty and the world's greatest musicians. Send for (free) handsome booklet and the name of the nearest agent.

THE WILCOX & WHITE CO.

Established 1876

MERIDEN, CONN., U. S. A.

JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN'S list of jokes includes this one on himself:

On one occasion he was invited to Liverpool to make a speech. It was to be a great celebration. The Mayor, who was to preside at the meeting, had arranged a fine dinner for the guest of honor. A distinguished assembly surrounded the table and at the right

of the host sat Mr. Chamberlain. For a couple of hours the company chatted over their food, and finally the coffee was served. It was at this juncture that the Mayor leaned over and whispered to Mr. Chamberlain:

"Your Excellency, shall we let the crowd enjoy itself a while longer, or had we better have your speech?"—*New York Times*.

"VIYELLA"

FLANNEL

REG'D

IN ALL THE NEWEST
DESIGNS AND COLOUR COMBINATIONS
FOR FALL, 1904

"VIYELLA"

can be obtained at the leading retail stores

75 cents per yard

Avoid Imitations! Refuse Substitutes!

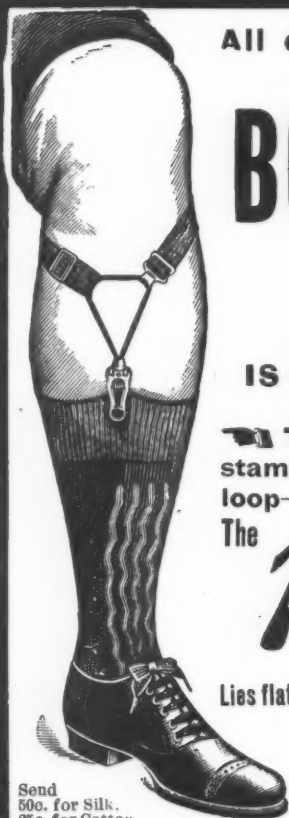
DOES NOT SHRINK

Pears'

Most soaps clog the skin pores by the fats and free alkali in their composition.

Pears' is quickly rinsed off, leaves the pores open and the skin soft and cool.

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All over the civilized world
THE IMPROVED

BOSTON GARTER

IS KNOWN AND WORN
Every Pair Warranted

The Name is
stamped on every
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The

Velvet Grip
CUSHION
BUTTON
CLASP

Lies flat to the leg—never Slips, Tears nor Unfastens

ALWAYS EASY

GEO. FROST CO., Makers,
Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES

Send
50c. for Silk.
25c. for Cotton,
Sample Pair.

MARTELL'S THREE STAR AND LIQUEUR BRANDIES

GENUINE OLD BRANDIES
MADE FROM WINE

AT ALL CAFÉS AND RESTAURANTS

G. S. NICHOLAS, SOLE AGENT

43 BEAVER STREET

NEW YORK

LIFE



Campbell 1904

"I DON'T WANT TO BE A BURDEN TO YOU, ALTIE."



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XLIV. OCT. 6, 1901. No. 1145.
17 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance. Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year extra. Single current copies, 10 cents. Back numbers, after three months from date of publication, 25 cents.

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THE New York Democrats seem to have had a real State Convention. They got together to pick out a man to run for Governor, and they did it. Moreover, they picked out a man who ought to run pretty well. He is able and well known, and no faction feels called upon to knife him. For a compromise candidate, Judge Herrick is pretty good. The only serious objection that is made to him is that he has meddled very much more with politics than is becoming in a Judge. The fact that in order to run for Governor he retires from the bench suggests that the action of the Convention works automatically to cure him of his greatest fault, for when he ceased to be a Judge, his activity in politics ceased to be objectionable.

A young man of fortune, Mr. Harrison, is the Democratic candidate for Lieutenant-Governor. We like to see rich young men get into politics, provided they have brains and character and can learn, and really care for political life. For a poor young man, who is upright, to make a profession of politics is simply to thrust his head in the lion's mouth. He ought to begin by taking vows of poverty and celibacy. But a man who has private means can devote himself to the public service without fear of coming to want, or of being overwhelmed by pecuniary temptation. He starts with a great advantage, and if he starts with the right purpose, the right convictions and the

right kind of wits, it is an advantage to the people to have him start. To run for office nowadays—in this part of the country—is a luxury to which only men of independent means may prudently aspire. Even Governor Odell, a very able man, has not been able to combine successfully the Governorship and the business of making money.



WHAT'S the matter with the bosses that they are so unpopular? Governor Odell feels that he has the right to decide and act for Republicans in the State of New York. He must have a basis of justification in feeling as he does, but his sentiments stir up a vast amount of antagonism. His candidate for Governor, Mr. Higgins, is said to be a nice man. The Governor took pains in selecting him. But because he wears the Odell tag, Mr. Higgins is pronounced to be predestined to defeat. It was given out by very well-informed journals that his only chance to win lay in the possibility that Mr. Hill might constrain the Democrats to put up some one who wore *his* tag; which they didn't do. It was just as bad when Mr. Platt was Republican boss. Professor Lee of Ithaca, who made a speech as permanent Chairman of the Democratic State Convention, spoke of Mr. Platt as "the aged statesman of Tioga," and "grasped his hand across the conflicts of the campaign" to the hilarity of readers, on the issue of damnation to Odell. But that is the only issue on which Mr. Platt has had a good word this long time from anybody who was not in his squad and looking to him for advancement. The New York folks really seem not to like bosses. Can it be that the aspiration after self-government and enjoyment of all the rights that the suffrage implies is not yet extinct in the bosoms of the voters of this State? Of course somebody has got to administer the State's affairs, but what with conflicting ambitions of leaders, and the strength of rival groups, it has really

come to seem as though there must be a good deal of consultation before candidates can be selected, if they are going to win. Let us see how this State election turns out. If Odell is beaten this year, bossism in State politics gets a setback.



MR. HEARST'S papers, at least those published hereabouts, have grown a little heartier in their support of the Democratic ticket. One of them lately had occasion to go so far as to say that Mr. John E. Parsons was a good deal of a Democrat, and to recall that he made an exceedingly able argument before the Supreme Court in defence of the Income Tax law. Mr. Parsons being one of the sanest and most respected citizens now current, it seemed queer enough to find the Hearst paper willing to let him be a Democrat.

Do you ever see the Hearst papers? One of them, called the *Evening Journal*, has as pretty a line of dry-goods advertising as you would care to see. It is very urgent in advocating reforms, and but for those dry-goods advertisements it would doubtless long ago have called upon its readers to quit clothes and come back to nature. A good line of advertising ought to help to reconcile any paper to civilization, and no doubt it helps to keep the *Journal* from going over altogether to Thomas Watson, the Populist candidate. Mr. Watson stands for everything the Hearst papers profess to want, except advertisements. On that one point he is a bit weak, but otherwise it would be fun for anyone who felt at all as he does to support him. Nobody makes livelier speeches in this campaign than Mr. Watson. He is a clever man, of good personal repute, and he is having lots of fun. We would like to support him for office, if only we shared his views; but we don't share them. Mr. Watson's platform calls for an irredeemable paper currency and Government ownership of railroads, and telegraph and telephone lines. Mr. Bryan also wants some of these things. As for us, give us rather the ills we know.



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"I HEAR, SIR, THAT FREDDY IS WORKING AS A CLERK IN YOUR BROKERAGE OFFICE."

"YES. I WANT HIM TO LEARN ENOUGH ABOUT THE BUSINESS TO LET IT ALONE AFTER I DIE."

Our Fresh-Air Fund.

CONTRIBUTORS to this fund will be pleased to know that the season just passed at LIFE's Farm has been in every way successful—in some respects the most satisfactory we have had.

The word "success," in this case, means the amount of benefit and pleasure we have given to the twelve hundred and twenty-seven children who have been our guests.

And this success is chiefly due to the enterprise, the able management, the infinite patience and thoughtful kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Mohr. No amount of ability, without sympathy for children, could ever make a solid success of so complex an enterprise. And sympathy without administrative skill would result in benevolent chaos.

To these managers LIFE extends his heartfelt thanks. Thanks from the children have already been expressed in various letters and postal cards received by Mr. and Mrs. Mohr from their departed guests.

SEASON OF 1904.

Season opened June 10th.

Season closed September 2d.

STATEMENT.

Balance on hand at beginning of season.....	\$2,968.16
Received during the season 1904 to date	4,060.12
Ruth and Jean Hopkins.....	2.00
Cash.....	.75

Expenses	\$3,056.27	\$7,031.03
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Transportation.....	1,026.85
---------------------	----------

Salaries.....	1,510.00
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	5,593.12
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Balance on hand	\$1,437.91
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"I TELL YOU, MY LOVE FOR YOU IS MAKING ME MAD—MAD!"

"WELL, KEEP QUIET ABOUT IT—IT'S HAD JUST THAT SAME EFFECT ON PAPA."

Doubts.

IT is true a great public emergency often begets a preternatural suspicion in the minds of the people.

Is it preternatural suspicion which suggests unpleasant doubts on the occasion of Mrs. John Jacob Astor giving a dance in honor of Miss Alice Roosevelt, without there being a word about it in the New York papers next day?

In view of familiar and signal demonstrations of editorial and reportorial acumen, one does not easily impute to accident the omission of news so eminently fit to print.

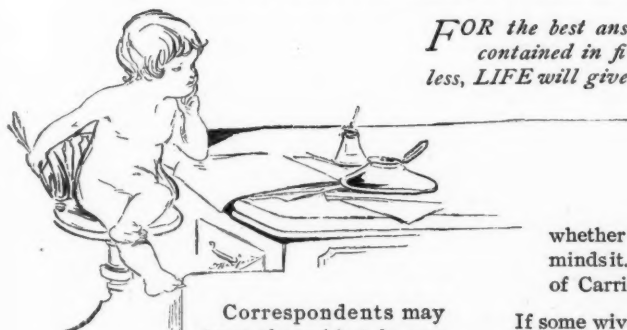
Was it, then, a studied and intentional neglect?

A long-continued indulgence in high ideals has made the populace exacting. Let none dare forget that. Especially will debasement of the standards of journalism in the gratification of a political prejudice be most hardly tolerated.

"YOU ran over that chap. Are you going to stop?"

"Yes, just as soon as we reach a repair shop. I heard something break when we hit him."

Are Three American Women Out of Five Disappointed in Their Husbands?



FOR the best answer to this question, contained in five hundred words or less, LIFE will give fifty dollars.

Correspondents may treat the subject in any way they prefer, humorously or seriously.

All communications to be addressed to the Editor of LIFE.

No. 1.

I DON'T know to which three you refer, but I think they are. Three and one-half husbands out of every five are disappointed in themselves, so their wives cannot always be blamed for being so. (Men disappointed in themselves are a disappointment to others.) (Ref.: "Life of Wm. J. Bryan." Vol. II., 1896 and 1900.)

Women have a propensity for being disappointed. In fact, they expect to be. If *their* husbands didn't disappoint them, some one's else would. (If a woman isn't disappointed in something sooner or later, she is disappointed because she isn't.) (Ref.: "The Devil and I," by Mary McLane.)

A disappointment is an unexpected "turn-down" of a thing hoped for. Husbands are things hoped for, who, before they are husbands, expect turn-downs. Therefore, disappointments are to be expected as much as husbands. (See "Lives of the Hunted.")

I knew a woman once who said that she was always disappointed in her husband, until she found out that her husband wasn't disappointed in her. (Most every woman who is disappointed in her husband is so as an excuse for not admitting that she is disappointed in her own self.) (Ref.: Your Own Diary.)

Some wives don't mind being disappointed in their husbands. Depends

whether or not the husband minds it. (See "Life and Deeds of Carrie Nation." Any page.)

If some wives were disappointed in their husbands before they were married, they wouldn't marry. (However, every woman would rather be disappointed with a husband than without one.) (Ref.: "Lives of Your Neighbors.")

Therefore, three American women are disappointed out of five husbands.
Q. E. D.

Eddy S. Brandt.

No. 2.

SIX American women out of five are disappointed in their husbands; the surplus being the unmarried sisterhood, who could but wouldn't, or would but couldn't.

Why this universal discord with the male sex?

1. Wives are obtained under false pretenses.

If man would invite lovely woman to become his beloved Chameleon, instantaneously assuming his colors as he changes to the forty thousand known tints, lovely woman might hesitate on the threshold of so large a contract and later disappointment be avoided.

2. Woman enters matrimony laboring under the delusion that it is a romance, while in reality it is a business enterprise, in which she is the working partner and man is the Co.

3. This is the only business partnership obtainable without previous education or apprenticeship.

Widows make more successful Chameleons than maidens, having served a previous apprenticeship and entering subsequent firms as "skilled labor."

4. Evolution is responsible for this wholesale disappointment.

Blue eyes, "with but a single thought," golden locks and a clinging

nature attract the love-lorn youth of twenty.

Swagger young women with the football walk, soulful black eyes and locks to match the ravens, rest his immortal soul at forty!

Why condemn our lords of creation? Do we not all pay the penalty of a cultivated taste?

At the age of twelve we may have enjoyed hearing John Brown's body moulder on a jew's-harp. Shall it be a crime to have developed to symphony music at forty?

Fifth should offer a specific for the world's matrimonial misery.

Education is the cure!

Our Carnegies and Rockefellers should endow matrimonial training schools, exclusively for the female sex.

To be a husband requires no training, husbands being "fixed laws."

All maidens should be compelled to obtain a diploma from the Matrimonial College, before a marriage license could be obtained. Post graduate courses would be necessary for women willing to do pioneer work with artists, musicians, physicians, athletes, ministers and other eccentrics.

In addition to these measures for the amelioration of the white peril, there should be organized a Wives' Union.

Maiden ladies and widows would be valuable as an advisory board.

Husbands not obeying the rules of the Union should be waited upon by its president, and flagrant cases handled, as in other labor unions, by sympathetic strikes.

Throughout this Land of the Free and Home of the Brave husbands would return to abandoned kitchens, deserted firesides and cradles.

Submerged womanhood would rise from the depths, and Matrimony become as popular as the other lucrative professions.

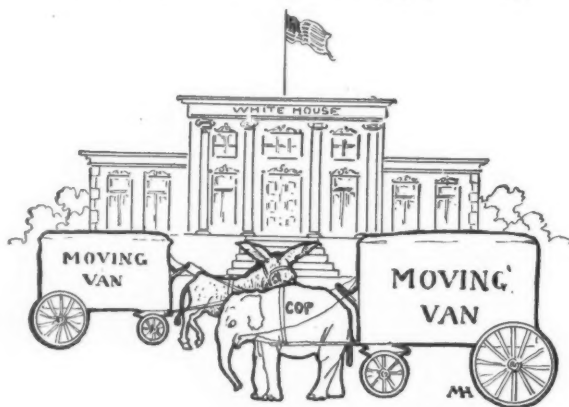
Lansing.

No. 3.

DEAR LIFE: You are charitably mild in putting your question. Better have said, "Are *four* out of five American girls disappointed in their

husbands?" and accept the simple answer, "Yes." The American girl is an enthusiastic idealist, who marries man, not for himself, but because he is the magic key to the door of her air-castle. He it is who, in return for love and kisses, is going to materialize her dream life of harmonious peace, wherein she can pursue her fads and theories, and existence is forever going to be of the "darling-you-are-mine" sort, that the climax of each popular novel (ending where it ought to begin) has made more real for her. But instead, on her return from her wedding trip around the castle of her hopes, she is met by the grim giant, called "Prosaic Monday Morning," who apologetically explains to her that, owing to the manners and customs of the twentieth century, there are demands upon her strength, good nature and pride, that increase in number and severity until life becomes a mundane, humdrum routine of cares, that soon obliterate the blissful moonlight, woodbiney, tootsy-wootsy days. "Please, dear," is laid aside for "Why don't you?" and so it is that beneath the society smile and the best tailor-made of more than three out of five of the American wives, gnaws the awful fact that the mating was not such as could most happily have met grim reality. Signed,

An Old Maid Who Has Made a Study of the Subject.



Finance's Faithful Friend.

THE joyous Democratic party, which specializes the Downtrodden Masses and the incubation of trouble, cyclones, phraseology and addled eggs, assembled during the heated term to nominate a Presidential candidate who could simultaneously placate the whiskered friends of silver, tickle the shaven face of gold, soothe our infant industries, please reciprocity, tranquilize free trade, exhibit the pearls of expansion and the perils of imperialism, and who was an equestrian accomplished enough to ride from two to a dozen horses. Under the guidance of David B. Hill, a simple country lawyer, with the advice of August Belmont, a guileless Wall Street farmer, and by the aid of Patricio McCarren, a rugged, rustic Brooklynite, the grand old party of Jefferson, jawbone and gin-rickies, hatched out a platform that was a mosaic and a candidate who was to be a Moses.

The candidate, Judge Alton B. Parker, is a plump, suave, smooth citizen of Esopus, N. Y., with the dignity of stout-

ness and the wisdom of reticence; a man reputed to be a good mixer, a refined hand-shaker and familiar with the law and the profits. A judicial candidate and a judicious judge, his golden mien acquired a silver polish in the polite school of rural New York politics.

The Judge has all the historic qualities of the true American Presidential candidate. In youth he was a farmer's boy; he can differentiate beans from hayseed and hogs from hard-boiled eggs; he can milk a cow or a client, and shoe a horse or a hen; he can cut cordwood after breakfast, hay after dinner, coupons after supper, and ice between meals; and he has never been too blamed haughty to serve his native land in a salaried job. Personally, he is mild, bland, astute and bald; he raises onions and broilers; rides a horse like a Boston Lancer; takes to water like a Wall Street syndicate; has invented a stove-polish and patented a woodchuck trap; and he is the firm friend of Dave Hill, American Labor and ten-year-old Bourbon.

In the early days of his candidacy he earned the admiration of the patriot financiers of Wall Street and the paternal patronage of the sainted and oil-scented Rockefeller, those rugged patriots pronouncing him safe and sane; safe because they knew the combination, sane because he had beaten a crank; safe because he said he was for honest money, sane because they knew he was for easy money. "Here," they exclaimed, husky with emotion, "Here is Finance's Faithful Friend; here is a conservative force to protect industry and thrift from the Man on Horseback, and preserve intact those Christian philanthropies—Anthracite, Kerosene, and Financial Irrigation."

As the summer waned and the autumn waxed the Downtrodden Masses grew torpid and pined for hot stuff; Parker as the prophet of the Party of the Dago and the Decalogue lacked ginger; while the Party of the Dollar and the Dinner Pail was doing stunts that the Plain People could grasp. Moreover, it became evident that it was easier to keep Judge Parker in the eye of the Sunny South than to keep Judge Lynch out of the eye of the Frigid North; and the enthusiasm of Willie Bryan and Willie Hearst was failing to inspire the hearts of the Common People. When vulgar sports spoke in withering tones of Theodore Roosevelt Jeffries and Alton B. Munroe, the judicious grieved and the skeptical laughed.

Judge Parker, however, has hopes; he is comforted and consoled by the joyous youth, engaging candor and capacious check-book of his skittish partner, Davis of West Virginia, who is a kitten at eighty-one, and quoted as a winner in every Old Man's Home in the Republic. Thus wrinkled youth and blooming age, Parker and Davis, face the fiery and undaunted Rough Rider. Parker spells wisdom, and Davis, like the lady of the Haggard literature, spells eternal youth; and if the wise Judge be "It," the frolicsome dodo of West Virginia is "She."

Wisdom tells this story: Age and jurisprudence are weighty in council; youth, energy and pugnacity are potent in battle. If an election be a council or a battle, be guided in season when you bet; and remember the Wall Street proverb, "The crawfish is a bird of passage, which knoweth how to fish and how to crawl."

Joseph Smith.



"THESE ARE MY JEWELS."

Nonsense Rhymes.

AT CÆSOPUS FARM.

ALTON PARKER packed a peck o' pickled porkers,
 A peck o' pickled porkers Alton Parker packed.
 If Alton Parker packed a peck o' pickled porkers,
 About one hundred and sixty-seven reporters, to say nothing of ninety-three photographers, would be on hand to give to the great reading public full particulars concerning
 The peck o' pickled porkers Alton Parker packed.

AT OYSTER BAY.

AROUND and 'round the ragged rocks the rugged Roosevelt ran—and the newspaper men still pursued him.



Good for Business.

THE foremost claim of the Republican party at present is that it is good for business. That has been a sound claim for the past eight years. To be bad for business is no recommendation for any party, and Bryan was so obviously and notoriously a menace to trade, that there was nothing to do but to beat him.

But now that the Bryan menace has been removed, it is again the open season for inquiry whether Republican services for the nourishment of business are worth what is charged for them. It costs something over half a billion dollars a year to have business promoted according to current Republican methods.

Judge Parker thinks the Democrats could cultivate prosperity at more reasonable rates than the Republicans do. Certainly it ought to be cheaper to board the jackass than the elephant. The hitch comes in persuading voters that the jackass can do the elephant's work as well as the elephant has been doing it. It is not perfectly easy to convince the voters of that; but the champions of the jackass insist that the elephant's present mahout does not know his place nor his job, and gets a lot of work out of his charge that does

not help business any, and had better not be done.

That is about the situation this year, and the betting is two to one on the elephant.

Rules for the New Subway.

LADIES will please remain standing until all the gentlemen are seated. Do not breathe too hard. While there may be air enough for all, don't squander it.

Always take off your hat to the guard as you enter the car. It is a mark of respect.

In case of accident, remain where you are, if possible, and look pleasant. But under no circumstances blame the officials of the road. They are doing the worst they can.

If you get tired of carrying your life in one hand, remove it to the other.

Never forget that you are in New York, so that when you lose your temper you can always advertise for it in the *Herald*.

Whenever you can share your strap with a pretty young girl, do so. But if she is fat and forty, give her the subway stare.

Mr. Morgan and the Cope of Ascoli.

WHAT is Mr. Morgan going to do about that cope?

It is a peerless cope, marvelously embroidered, at least seven centuries old, not to be duplicated. Mr. Morgan appreciated it, coveted it, and bought it for sixty thousand dollars. It is now on exhibition in London.

It turns out that it was stolen in 1892 from the cathedral of Ascoli, in Italy, and the Italian Government wants Mr. Morgan to return it. The request has been made through the Italian Ambassadors in London and in Washington.

Mr. Morgan is thinking about it. He is certainly entitled to due time for meditation. We think he will have to give the thing back. But to whom? Why should the Italian Government concern itself? Is not the Pope the proper guardian of cathedral properties? How does the Italian Government stand with the Pope? They don't speak when they pass by. If that were your stolen cope, would you give it up to the Italian Government?

It seems to us that the proper course

for Mr. Morgan is, stand pat until he hears from the Pope. If he gives back the cope to the Holy Father, may he not reasonably hope to receive in return as valid and comprehensive a line of absolutions as the Holy Father has in stock, and would not the absolutions be just as useful to Mr. Morgan as the cope?

We think they would. Absolutions are a little out of style, but so is the cope. It is possible that Mr. Morgan may not need them—that, of course, is debatable—but neither does he need the cope. It is true that while he has long been a collector of embroideries, he has never as yet collected absolutions, but is not this a good time to begin?

We think a sixty-thousand-dollar line of absolutions would look very nice among Mr. Morgan's collections, and he could get them home without paying any duties. There is no tariff as yet on papal absolutions.

N. B.—Some of the papers say Mr. Morgan has already ordered the cope to be returned, without stipulating for any absolutions, or even indulgences.

Hans: A Horse Prodigy.

IN far Berlin's Germanic clans
 They have a thoughtful horse named Hans
 Of human cerebrations,
 Who answers questions neat and quick
 In calculus, arithmetic,
 In fractions or equations.

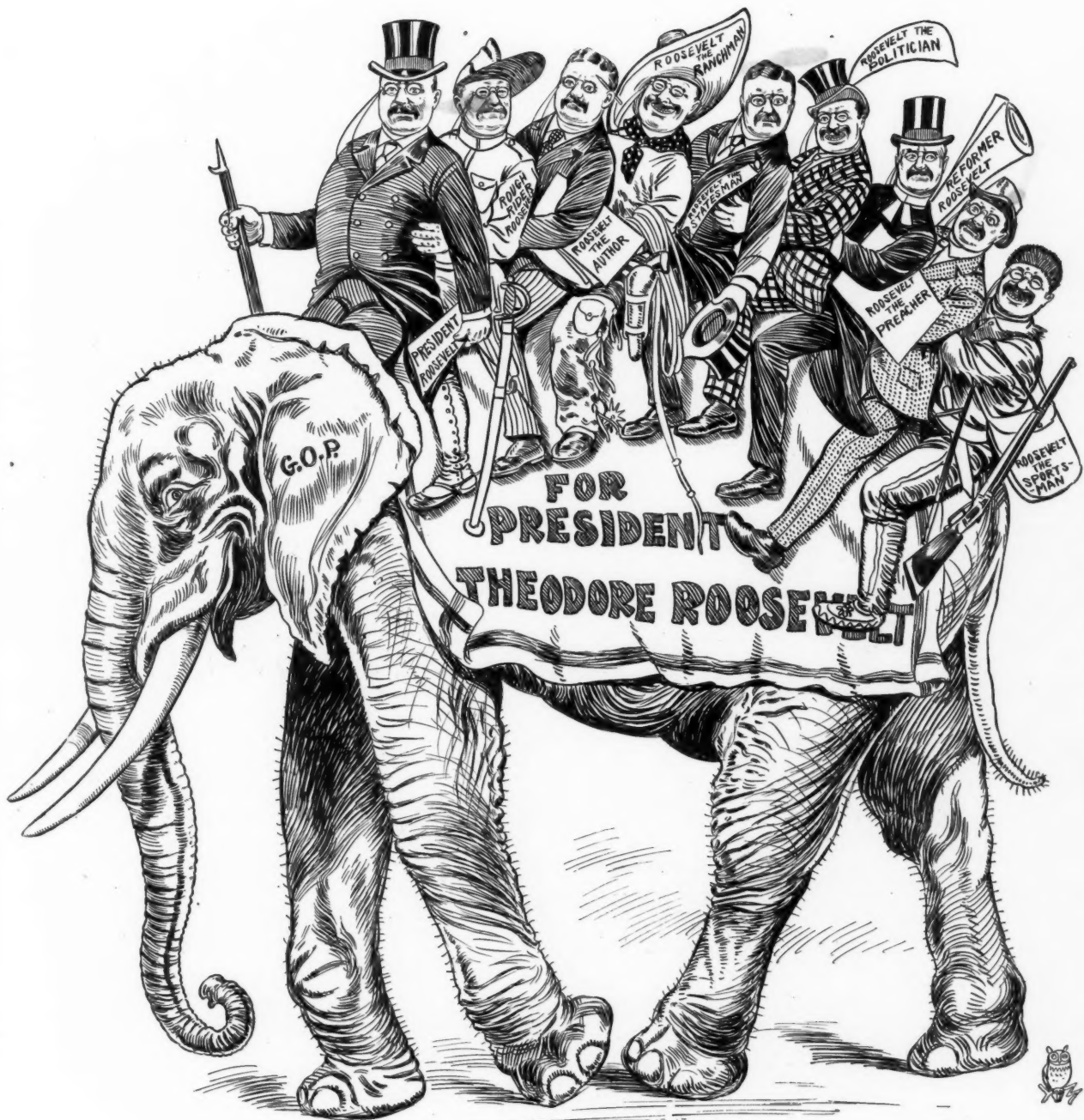
He acts a nobler, higher part
 Than daily working a la cart
 Upon the broiling cobbles;
 Through every thought-ductive hour
 Descartes or Kant or Schopenhauer
 Nutritiously he gobbles.

Oh, what a stimulus to thought,
 If Hans were by some horseman brought
 To pass a Newport season
 Among the merry gentlefolk,
 Who look on logic as a joke
 And give no place to reason!

When in some gilded, grand menage,
 After an evening's persiflage
 Around a dinner table,
 Oh, what relief, profound, intense,
 To go and talk a little sense
 With Hans — out in the stable!

Wallace Irwin.

ONE must move in the best society in order to find out how many ways there are of doing nothing.



"WHATEVER THOU ART, BE ALL THERE."
GOETHE'S MOTTO, AS FOLLOWED BY ROOSEVELT.







I LOVE LITTLE TRUST-Y,
HIS COAT IS SO WARM;
AND IF I DON'T HURT HIM
HE'LL DO ME NO HARM;—

WE WILL SIT BY THE FIRE
AND I'LL GIVE HIM SOME FOOD
AND TRUST-Y WILL LOVE ME
BECAUSE I AM GOOD.



Some Dramatic Candidates for Popular Favor.



At the Garrick Theatre "The Coronet of the Duchess" was a distinct disappointment to those of Mr. Clyde Fitch's friends who hoped that he had learned the lesson from his recent failures of reviving his former successes. Instead, he seems in the present instance to have gone far out of his way to originate impossible types who do incredible things. We have had plenty of cases of fool American girls perverted by fool mothers to believe that social success was the sole thing in life and to marry titled foreigners to achieve social eminence, but the girl who does that sort of thing is not the girl who is greatly influenced by her heart interests. The one pictured by Mr. Fitch is understandable in so far as her marrying is concerned, but her subsequent cardiac gymnastics are, to say the least, illogical. Mr. Fitch may fall back for his defence on the axiom, *la femme souvent varie*, but there are certain limitations even in the variations of the feminine heart, and his heroine seems to exceed them beyond credibility. Of his other characters, *Jim*, the model

young American, is about as inconsistent a creation as the heroine; the ridiculously slangy *Laura* would have been gagged and sat on by her ultra-cultured relatives; so unpleasant a maid as *Green* would not have been permitted to associate on anything so very like terms of equality with both families to the international marriage. Unusual as she might seem, the *Dowager Duchess*, of assured position and, therefore, fearless speech and rude manners, was truer to life; outrageous as his conduct might appear from the American point of view, *The Duke of Sundun* was a more logical creation than the others who surrounded him. If the play was meant in any way to teach a lesson in social ethics, the lesson failed in force—not because of any lack of truth in the conditions portrayed, but from the difficulty, with these characters, of believing that it could be based on anything in real life.

But Mr. Fitch is not in the habit of teaching moral lessons in his plays, so this must be judged simply as one of his usual attempts to give us a realistic look at American society life as it is lived. He has done this successfully in other cases, but here he fails because he has not given characters who could be explained by the logic of anything in human nature. The fault is not in the interpretation. To be sure, Clara Bloodgood, who impersonates the heroine, is neither a foolish girl in appearance nor highly emotional in temperament, but even an actress with greater range and better equipped by nature for this part could not give it credence. Mr. Lawford's admirable acting of the spoiled young duke, who is on with the new wife before he is off with the old light o' love, makes this character understandable, where less well done *The Duke* would be only a vulgar cad. Georgie Mendum was considerably better than her part, Mrs. Whiffin was a lovable old aunt, and Mr. Courtleigh was a thoroughly American un-American young business man in love. The *Duchess* of Katharine Stewart was a clever bit of character



THE STRENUOUS IN COMIC OPERA AS EXEMPLIFIED BY LULU GLASER.

acting, and the minor parts were sufficiently well sustained.

It is evident that Mr. Fitch needs to study real life and normal people a little more closely.

* * *



MOST refreshing in contrast to Mr. Fitch's study in abnormalities is Mr. George Ade's collection of types drawn from the vigorous life of a Western college town. His football youths may be more noisy and vehement than conventionally elegant, but they are real and human, and through the whole of "The College Widow" there runs the swift, strong current of American life uncontaminated by the aping of foreign manners and morals. It has the faults of American life as well, which helps Mr. Ade's work to ring true. Of plot, the play has none to speak of. Mr. Ade's forte lies in drawing characters from the world as we know

it, putting them in the proper setting, and putting into their mouths speeches which are not only fitting to the character, but original and mirth-inspiring in themselves. Every college man, whether from the West, which the author portrays, or from the more famous universities of New England, will recognize the types as faithful pictures, the incidents as plausible ones, and both as not taken at second-hand. Stage necessities make the football scene, in a way, an impossible one, but it is handled so deftly from the dramatic point of view that the audience finds itself irresistibly helping in the uproar which is part of its realism.

Most of the actors in the large cast are known to wide fame, and their very youth and freshness add to such delusion as the piece creates. Mr. Savage, the producing manager of "The College Widow," who is to-day outside the monopoly of the Theatrical Trust, is evidently not tied down by its obligations and ignorance, and has evidently been free to draft his forces where he would and train them in his own fashion. The result shows that he is a factor to be figured with, for about the whole performance there was the vim and go which come with new blood. No particular one of the company was really great in acting, but all were excellent; in fact, it would be difficult to point to a character in the play, from the *Widow* herself down to the least important of the pipe-smoking and 'rahing college boys, who was not admirably in drawing.

Mr. Ade is highly to be congratulated on



DOROTHY TENNANT AS
THE COLLEGE WIDOW.

having given us two such thoroughly American and enjoyable pieces as "The County Chairman" and "The College Widow." They may not be drama in its highest form, but they are clean, diverting, and serve the laudable purpose of taking the spectator absolutely out of himself and away from his cares and troubles, if he is so afflicted. This is a praiseworthy achievement and deserves a generous measure of gratitude. And Mr. Ade is fortunate in having so able and enterprising a manager as Mr. Savage.

* * *



F Mr. David Warfield the same thing is true. He is most fortunate in having for his manager the gifted Belasco. The play in which he appears, "The Music Master," by Mr. Alfred

Klein, is reminiscent in plot and not of impressive texture, but it is a sufficient vehicle for some exceptionally good acting, and gains value by the artistic thoroughness of its staging. Mr. Warfield as *Herr Anton von Barwig*, the simple, childlike, kindly, yet somewhat shrewd and fun-appreciating, old, German musician, wins an artistic success of very high distinction. It is a clear-cut and lovable character added to the world of stage people. It finds its way direct to the heart of the spectator, and has the unusual power of alternating tears and laughter in New York's very knowing and *blasé* audiences. With the ex-

ception of his occasional lapses into Yiddish tones, Mr. Warfield's acting was almost without a blemish, and, if he avoids the temptation to over-elaborate the creation, it will rank among the best of our time.

The cast is intelligently made up and trained to the giving of a most satisfactory performance. Minnie Dupree has rarely appeared to so good advantage as she does in the rôle of the old musician's daughter, and Marie Bates recalls the glories of "Chimmie Fadden" by her impersonation of the Houston Street lodging-house keeper. Leon Kohlmar, as a most remarkable German 'cello player, and Antoinette Walker, as the attractive slavey in the lodging-house, both made agreeable impressions. The other parts—some of them good character bits—were very well done.

"The Music Master" demonstrates that Mr. Warfield's loyalty to Mr. Belasco was well placed, and that Mr. Belasco's belief in Mr. Warfield's artistic ability was thoroughly justified.

Metcalfe.

Life's Confidential Guide to the Theatres

Academy of Music.—"Checkers." Western racing drama. Slangy, but laughable.

Belasco.—David Warfield in "The Music Master." See above.

Berkeley Lyceum.—Arnold Daly in Bernard Shaw's "The Man of Destiny" and "How He Lied to Her Husband."

Broadway.—Mme. Schumann-Heink in "Love's Lottery."

Casino.—"Piff, Paff, Pouf." Music, girls and fun.

Criterion.—William H. Crane in "Business Is Business." Not impressive performance of disagreeable play from the French.

Daly's.—"The School Girl." English musical play of the Gaiety school. Amusing.

Empire.—"The Duke of Killcrankie." Comedy of exaggeration, acceptably acted.

Garden.—"The College Widow," by George Ade. See above.

Garrick.—Clara Bloodgood in Clyde Fitch's "The Coronet of the Duchess." See opposite.

Hudson.—A. W. Pinero's "Letty." Pinero's latest. Bold, but interesting.

Knickerbocker.—Lulu Glaser in "A Madcap Princess." Ordinary comic opera.

Lyceum.—Cecilia Loftus in Zangwill's "The Serio-Comic Governess." Disappointing.

Lyric.—Herbert Kelcey and Effie Shannon in "Taps." Dramatic and picturesque illustration of the tragic side of German militarism.

Manhattan.—Mrs. Fiske in "Becky Sharp." Interesting stage version of "Vanity Fair."

New Amsterdam.—The Rogers Brothers. Vulgar, gaudy and chestnutty musical show.

Princess.—Della Fox in "The West Point Cadet."

Savoy.—"Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." Most amusing character sketches based on the well-known book.

Wallack's.—Last week of "The County Chairman's" long run. If there is any one who has not seen this clever skit, this is the last opportunity.

The Candidate.

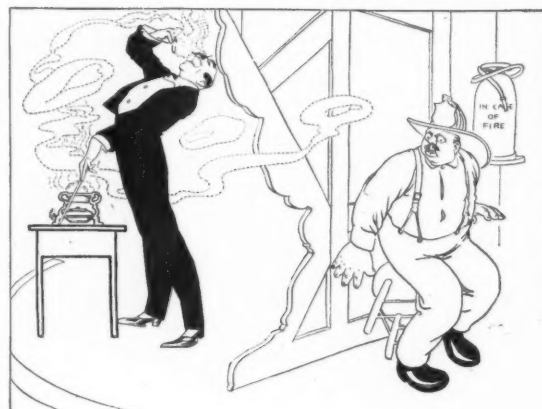
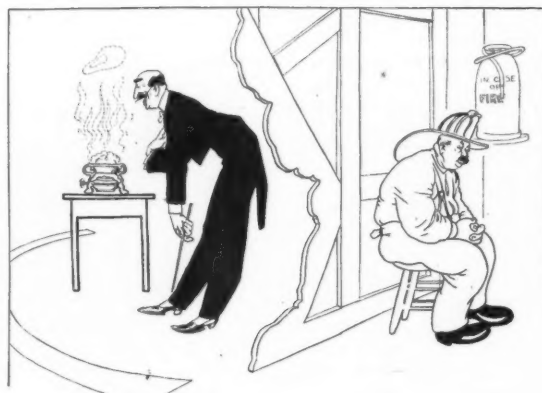


A CANDIDATE is an American citizen frenziedly anxious to neglect his own business for a chance to neglect that of the nation. He is as full of promises as an early spring is of blossoms; he wears a smile as wide as a pasture and as genuine as a Chefoo dispatch; he shakes a hand on the street with men he shakes a head at in the bank; and he raises his hat to ladies his wife raises her nose and eyebrows to. He is solicitous about the health of babies he never saw and gabies he wishes he couldn't see; and while he amazes the righteous by the sudden fervor of his faith, he earns a reputation as a dead-game sport in regions where religion grows more slowly than Rockefeller's hair. As a good citizen and unyielding reformer, he abhors corruption; but as an hor-

est merchant, he is willing to pay for all goods that are delivered, be they steel billets or stolen ballots. A member of the Church, he shudders at the twin curses of civilization—rum and tobacco; but as a citizen, merely in politics for his health, he subsidizes the drinking of that health early and often, and he knows no better plan of smoking out the enemy than out-smoking him. Moreover, no good American, deeply interested in the prosperity of American industry, can deliberately discourage two widespread agencies of wealth and expect to be accepted as a patriot.

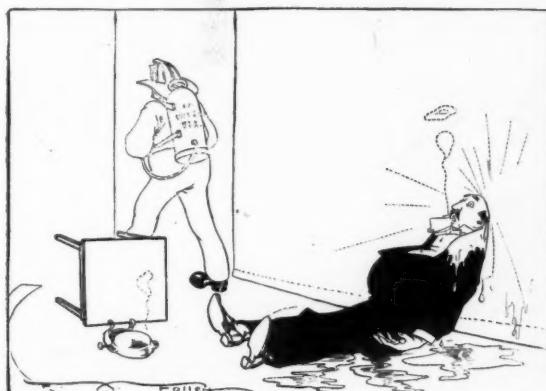
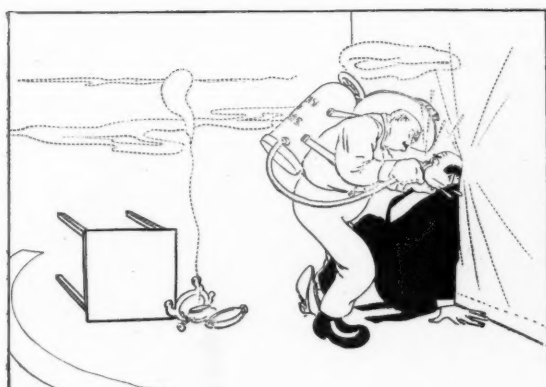
As election day approaches, his views on geography, ethnology and human brotherhood broaden and deepen. The woes of Ireland touch his heart deeply in one portion of his district; he boasts of his Anglo-Saxon origin in another. He grasps the sinewy hand of sturdy Scandinavia on Monday; he acknowledges the republic's debt to Germany on Tuesday; he believes the full glory of the Nation will come, on Wednesday, only when the genius of Italy tingles in the veins of the stern Puritan; and at a union meeting in a secluded vestry on Friday, he warns his Methodist and Baptist brethren against the scum which European emigration is casting upon our sacred soil and revered institutions. Deserving charities begin to touch him acutely; he develops a passion for labor picnics and dubious dances; he is fearless in stating that the battle-scarred saviours of the Union have been treated with scant generosity by the Nation; and he wants it distinctly understood that he stands firmly for high wages, high tariffs, high ideals, a white man's govern-

THE ZEALOUS FIREMAN.



ment and unhampered suffrage for the colored man, peace, a strong navy, cheap beef and cheap coal, no trusts and no government meddling with business, and no matrimonial expansion in Utah.

When the polls close and the mere politician is elected,



the Candidate takes an account of stock and finds he is twenty thousand dollars and his reputation for truth and honesty shy; his business is boycotted by the indignant foreigner; he is stigmatized as a spineless trimmer by the disgusted native; the Church has bounced him; his wife has sued him for divorce; his doctor recommends rest and three months at the Indiana mud-baths, and patriotism is a snare and a gold brick.

Joseph Smith.

The World, Mr. Morgan and the President.

ON September 1, *The World* printed at great length and with the utmost conspicuousness a story that Mr. J. P. Morgan had been twice this summer in the *Corsair* to Oyster Bay, and both times had gone to President Roosevelt's house, and had long interviews with him. At these interviews, *The World* said, the President and Mr. Morgan had talked everything over; the President had promised to "be good," and Mr. Morgan had promised to support him with influence and money.

The same day the story appeared, Private Secretary Loeb issued for the President a statement that *The World's* story was a lie from beginning to end, and that the President had had no communication with Mr. Morgan, and that so far as he, or any one near him, knew, Mr. Morgan had not been near Oyster Bay this summer.



WHEN IT'S SAFE.

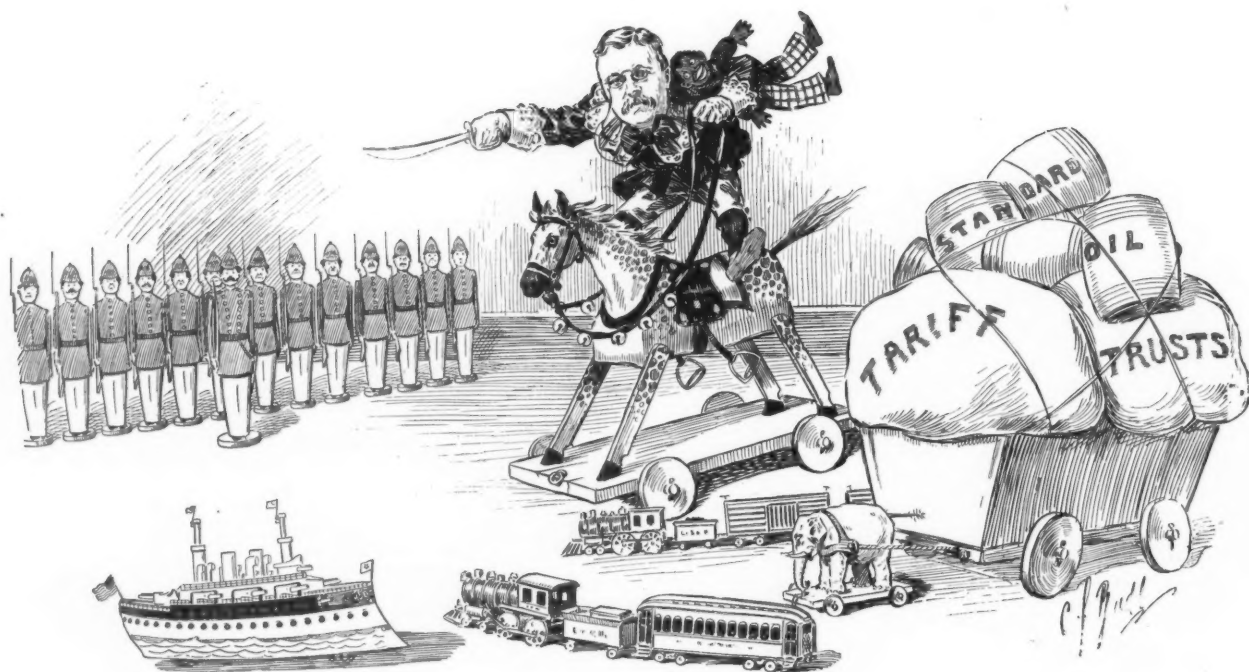
Mary: NO, INDEED, I DON'T NEVER GIVE MY DOLLY NO MEDICINE. SHE'S A CHRISTIAN SCIENCETIST.

Jane: WELL, I S'POSE IT'S ALL RIGHT TO BE A CHRISTIAN SCIENCETIST WHEN YOU'VE NOTHING BUT SAWDUST IN YOUR STUMMICK.

The World printed Secretary Loeb's declaration, but has never retracted its story. *Harper's Weekly* expresses concern for *The World's* reputation. It points out with vehemence that *The World* must explain or retract, and declares that if it has told a wicked lie about the President, "not for years, if ever, can the damage to its position and prestige be repaired."

Now *The World* is an important paper, and interesting, politically, especially in this campaign, yet we can't but think that *Harper's Weekly* overrates the delicacy of its reputation in supposing that to be caught in a single lie would do it so much harm.

Surely *The World* is a great deal harder than *Harper's Weekly* thinks! Yet it is inconceivable that it would have printed that story about Mr. Morgan's visits to Oyster Bay, if it had not believed it to be true. Even if it had been willing to print a lie, it would not have printed at such length a lie so easily nailed. However did it come to print the story that it did print, if the story was not true?



Our Boys.

THEODORE.

HERE is a picture of little Theodore. He is a good little boy, though his Uncle Sam, who is keeping an eye on him, says that Theodore loses his temper sometimes and does rash things.

This little boy is living at present in the White House, though how long he will stay there we cannot say. In the summer he lives in Oyster Bay and the Rocky Mountains, where he hunts Brigadier-Generals and Bears. Wouldn't you like to be as brave as that? But perhaps you will some day, if you can get the United States Army and the Standard Oil Company to back you up.

Theodore loves to play with his toys, as you can see. He is not at all proud, and would rather have a colored doll

than a white one. He keeps a stuffed elephant near him, and likes to draw it around with a wire when he is not riding horseback.

Theodore is inclined to be mischievous, and his Uncle Sam says he has a tendency to take things that don't belong to him, but perhaps this isn't Theodore's fault. Perhaps he is led on by others. He is very good to his friends and makes his Uncle Sam look after them, whether they deserve it or not. Once he knew a little boy named Len Wood, and Len says that Theodore has certainly been good to him.

Theodore's favorite game is post office. It is played with men called grafters, and the idea is to keep them firmly in certain positions as long as possible.

Dispatches.

DISPATCHES from Newport, in all the papers which are fit to print, stating that Miss Alice Roosevelt made bets with Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt and the Misses Mills, and lost, were eagerly scanned in the Street, but investors developed no marked timidity.

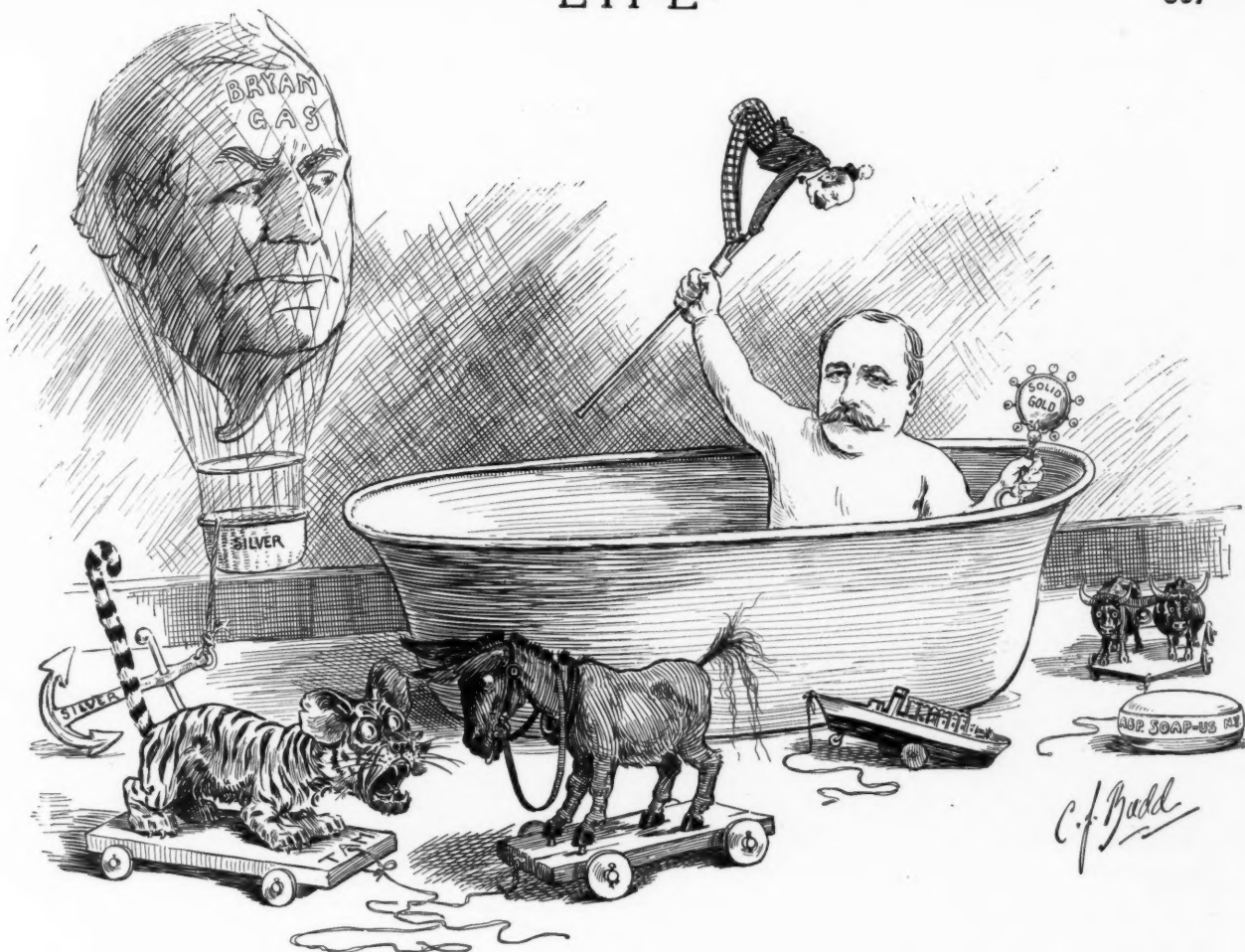
In no quarter was there disposition to minimize the importance of Miss Roosevelt having worn a handsome embroidered white linen, the body being adorned with a white collar, and a hat which was pink chip, with shaded pink plumes.

At Republican headquarters an air of confidence pre-

vailed. Chairman Taggart declined to talk, but intimated that he might issue a statement later on.

Will Roosevelt Go Hunting with Diaz?

WHAT! Roosevelt and Diaz to go hunting in Texas after election? So says a newspaper dispatch from Galveston, but it is not very positive. It says that President Roosevelt has promised somebody to go hunting from Galveston late in November, and that President Diaz will be invited to accompany him. President Diaz is a great man who has ruled Mexico these many years very much to her profit. He is about the best President that a Latin-American republic ever had. He is a man who has "done things"; a profitable man to meet; a man whom President



ALTON.

THIS is little Alton. He is a very quiet child and rarely speaks except when he is spoken to, and sometimes not even then.

He is fond of animals and plays with his little donkey by the hour, and has been trying to teach it some new tricks. But we all know how obstinate donkeys are, and we are afraid Alton will have a tough time doing this.

Alton is also fond of dolls and would be very lonesome without his little Davy, although a monkey on a stick often amuses him greatly.

This little boy, we are sorry to say, is not so particular about his companions as he ought to be. But then, it is not

because he loves them so much, as because he is really a good boy at heart and hopes to raise them to his level. And everybody knows in this respect that there is room for improvement.

Unlike most little boys of his age and politics, Alton loves to be clean. He is never so happy as when taking a bath surrounded by his neighbors.

Next March he hopes to move to a new home, and if he does, he will have a natatorium attached to it, where he can swim himself and duck all the little boys who may attempt to tease him.

Roosevelt would naturally be desirous of knowing.

And Texas is a big State. After election the Republican candidate will naturally want to expand and get into condition after four long months of repression. There is room in Texas for him to let himself out.

Yet we don't believe he will go hunting with President Diaz. Somebody would say: "Birds of a feather," and though it isn't going to make much difference what any-

body says after election, yet, somehow, we don't believe these two men of action will hunt together this year. General Diaz is a ruler that rules. Constitutions have never bothered him. What it has been necessary to do to give Mexico stable government, he has done, and done well. He is a fine man, and yet he would hardly be a suitable hunting companion for our President Roosevelt, unless the Democrats carry the election.



THUS far in the new season *The Interloper*, by Violet Jacob, is easily the most important fictional publication. It is a tale of Scotland in the early years of the nineteenth century, but it is no mere sketch in local color nor romance of other days, for its characters are so closely akin to our common humanity that their period and their local habitation are incidents, vital but subordinate, and this, in fiction, is the first attribute of bigness.

A good Scotch story of another class is *Strong Mac*, by S. R. Crockett. Mr. Crockett never writes a story that is not readable, but his people are Scotch first and human afterwards, and the element of universality is a by-product in his writings. Moreover, Scotch dialect is an acquired taste, and as the top came off the cruet when he was seasoning *Strong Mac*, the book is recommended with a warning.

Good detective stories are very rare birds. There seems to be an inherent incompatibility between the desire to weave these particular mysteries and the ability to depict character. Wilkie Collins was an exception, and Sir Conan Doyle. But Collins is forgotten and Doyle, alas, has carried Sherlock once too often to the literary well. *Quintus Oakes*, by Charles Ross Jackson, is the latest story of this class, and is quite up to current standard; a fair example, that is to say, of the regular detective story of commerce.

Order No. 11, by Caroline Abbott Stanley, is a romance of that new Virginia which wanderers from the Old Dominion founded in southern Missouri in the '40's, and which was swept away in blood and flames by the border struggles of the Civil War. It is a tale at once simple and dramatic, of many characters and much action, a romance of the old school.

The component parts of a love story which is told in the form of letters must needs be very clever or very beautiful, if they are to escape a certain flavor of mawkishness. *Daphne and Her Lad*, written in collaboration by M. J. Lagen and Cally Ryland, is a story cast in this mold, and while it has the merit of considerable plausibility and gives the reader a glimpse of a possible phase of current life, it does not escape the penalty of its shortcomings.

To Hamilton Busbey, the veteran editor and horseman, has been intrusted the preparation of the volume on *The Trotting and the Pacing Horse in America*, for the American Sportsman's Library. Mr. Busbey has taken his subject literally, banishes men, methods and the sport, as far as may be, to the background, and, dealing simply with the horse *qua* horse, has filled three hundred pages as full of facts as an egg is full of meat.

The study of handwriting, with a view to the interpretation of character, seems to show as large a sanction of reason and as small an admixture of humbug as any of that class of necromantico-scientific ologies, to which phre-

nology, chirolgy and graphology belong. John Rexford's book upon *What Handwriting Indicates* gives a summary of the rules of analysis with references to nearly three hundred facsimile specimens of penmanship.

J. B. Kerfoot.

The Interloper. By Violet Jacob. (Doubleday, Page and Company. \$1.50.)

Strong Mac. By S. R. Crockett. (Dodd, Mead and Company. \$1.50.)

Quintus Oakes. By Charles Ross Jackson. (G. W. Dillingham Company. \$1.50.)

Order No. 11. By Caroline Abbott Stanley. (The Century Company. \$1.50.)

Daphne and Her Lad. By M. J. Lagen and Cally Ryland. (Henry Holt and Company. \$1.25.)

The Trotting and the Pacing Horse in America. By Hamilton Busbey. (The Macmillan Company. \$2.00.)

What Handwriting Indicates. By John Rexford. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

By an error of the types in our issue of September 8, we were made to credit the authorship of *The Second Mrs. Jim* to Joseph Conrad. The book is by Stephen Conrad.



Both Suitors (aside): NOW, I CAN'T SEE WHAT THERE IS ABOUT THAT FELLOW TO ADMIRE.

The Advancement of Learning in Women.



THE land is filling up so rapidly with ladies of learning, that to conceal one's ignorance is becoming an ever-increasing matter of difficulty.

We thread our way through groups of authoresses; female scientists are as common as trees; lady politicians are not wanting; and one needs to be extremely careful in selecting some demure and seemingly ingenuous young miss for a *tête-à-tête*, that he is not involving himself incontinently in a one-sided discussion on the categorical imperative.

In this competition mere men have small chances. Occasionally a professor of psychology obtrudes himself into the public gaze; some fellow with a keen head for business hires an office and writes a book that runs through a dozen editions; a preoccupied astronomer discovers a star; or an ambitious statesman (with the aid of a lady secretary) makes a speech bristling with quotations. But as a rule men are dull instruments. Their occupations give them but little time to think. And their condition is rapidly becoming hopeless.

It is time, indeed, that they face the matter with what



SO NEAR, AND YET SO FAR.

courage they possess, for it is one that vitally concerns them. It is already extremely hazardous to fall in love with a girl too hastily, when all the time she may have concealed about her such a stock of knowledge as would make future companionship a matter of continual reproach. And when we consider that among women learning is no longer confined to the homely, but has spread to the beautiful, the gravity of the crisis is apparent.

For it seems to be true that Beauty and Brains are no longer distinct entities; and girls so handsome, that to keep from loving them seems a criminal waste of time, are so hopelessly imbued with facts, so fiercely erudite when approached too near, as to render mere courtship almost dangerous.

Girls are caught so young nowadays that, with care, there is time enough, before they get to be of age, to connect them with all the systems of education there happen to be. And when new systems of education arise, they are added on to the others without apparent discomfort.

It would be extremely impolite and discourteous for mere man to suggest that the ladies have not the right to know as much as they want to. But is it not possible for them, in their companionship with him, to put him more at his ease, by laying aside their own learning and stooping to his level? When woman realizes—as soon she must—that the task of instructing man, of making him her intellectual

equal, is really hopeless, it is highly probable that she may then be willing to look at the matter in the right light; to be loved by an inferior creature in the absence of anything better, and thus to accept the inevitable, with that scientific resignation which art, logic and philosophy have taught her.

In the meantime, let us struggle on as best we may; admitting our own inconsequence with due humility, and hoping for that blissful time to come when we can kiss some lovely and beautiful and learned creature, over and over again, if need be, without even caring how ignorant we really are.

Tom Masson.

"MY sympathies," said the famous American surgeon, "were entirely with the Japanese, until I discovered that their surgeons only operate in cases of absolute necessity, with such mischievous results that an enormous percentage of their soldiers recover from their wounds. This is monstrous! We surgeons spend our time in impressing on the human mind the fact that the free use of the knife is necessary to the preservation of life. By removing as many organs as possible from the individual, we have provided him with an unfailing topic of conversation. And must our missionary labors, and, incidentally, our princely incomes be endangered by a few yellow-terror surgeons? More power to Russia's arm!"



OVERHEARD.

"Stop!"
 "Please."
 "No. If you kiss me, I'll never speak to you again."
 (A struggle and a murmurous sound.)
 "Don't you ever dare to do that again."
 "I couldn't help it."
 "Yes, you could. Now, behave."
 "All right; I will."
 (Another of those sounds.)
 "If you kiss me again, I'll tell my mother."
 "No, you won't."
 "Yes, I will."
 (Another of those sounds.)
 "Oh! Now, you stop."
 "Why?"
 "Because I want you to."
 "Why do you want me to?"
 "Because."
 (Silence for a few minutes.)
 "I wish you would keep your arm to yourself."
 "Why?"
 "Because I don't want it around my waist."
 "Why not?"
 "Because it isn't proper."
 "Why isn't it?"
 "Suppose some one should see."
 "But no one can."
 "They might."
 "Well?"
 "Well."
 This sort of conversation may not be an intellectual treat to every one, but seven girls and three men who were eavesdroppers listened to it with rapt attention, and sighed when the lovmakers departed.—*New York Press.*

A "QUIET LITTLE GAME."

A New York woman who has been spending the summer in the Adirondacks tells this story: "The colony of summer residents," she said, "consisted of a dozen apparently strait-laced and mild-mannered

ladies, who spent most of their time playing euchre. When they asked me to join them I told them—sure of my escape—that I never played anything but poker.

"Why," one of them whispered, 'that's just what we like best. We'll have a quiet little game with a small limit—what do you say?"

"When we sat down my hostess remarked casually that we would play a five-dollar limit, and that my pile of chips represented \$100. When we finished one of the old ladies had won \$280, another \$165, and the third had lost \$320. I considered myself lucky to get off with a loss of \$125. As we rose from the



ILLUSTRATED ADVERTISEMENT—OUR TROUSERS CAN BE DEPENDED UPON.

table the mild-mannered old lady who had invited me to play leaned over and said, 'I am so sorry, my dear; but how would you feel if we had been playing for real money?'—*Harper's Weekly.*

BEFORE going to a class where he was to test the power of laughing gas Dr. B—— overhead a student say that under its influence no one was responsible for what he said, and he was going to take advantage of this and tell old B—— what he thought of him.

After the class assembled the doctor quietly announced that for the purpose of illustration he would like to administer gas to some member. The schem-

ing student volunteered, and the leather bag was connected with his mouth. He soon showed evidence of much excitement, and began to express his opinion of Dr. B—— in language punctuated by much profanity.

Having allowed him to proceed for some little time, the doctor then said that he needn't be so irresponsible, for the gas had not yet been turned on!

The uproar that followed can be imagined better than described.—*Philadelphia Press.*

NEED FOR HASTE.

In a Massachusetts seaport town many stories are still told of an eccentric old man who was a conspicuous figure in its streets thirty years ago.

Not many years before he died he married a young wife, who was a constant surprise to him. One day an old friend met him hurrying along the main street of the town, one arm held out stiffly in front of him and carrying a white paper parcel.

"Don't touch me and don't detain me!" he cried, as his friend approached.

"What in the world is the matter?" asked the other. "Anybody sick up at your house?"

"Nobody's sick," answered the old man, over his shoulder, "but I'm fetching home a new bunnit for my wife, and I want to get there before the styles change!"—*Youth's Companion.*

A PAGE FROM THE CYNIC'S NOTEBOOK.

Tell a girl she is pretty, you may win her approval; tell her rival is ugly, you will win her eternal gratitude.

To win a girl, a man must excite her curiosity, command her admiration, arouse her interest, and then—make her cry.

A man's capacity for falling in love is like the phenomena of electrical discharge in a thunderstorm: it accumulates until it reaches a certain degree, and then strikes the nearest available object.

The best part of a man's manliness is his boyishness; the best part of a girl's girlishness is her womanliness.

There is a peculiar variety of girls whose preference for a man is always manifested by extreme ill usage.—*Pacific Monthly.*

TEACHER: I suppose you know, Harry, that in keeping you after school I punish myself as well as you?

HARRY: Yes, m'm; that's why I don't mind it.—*Boston Transcript.*

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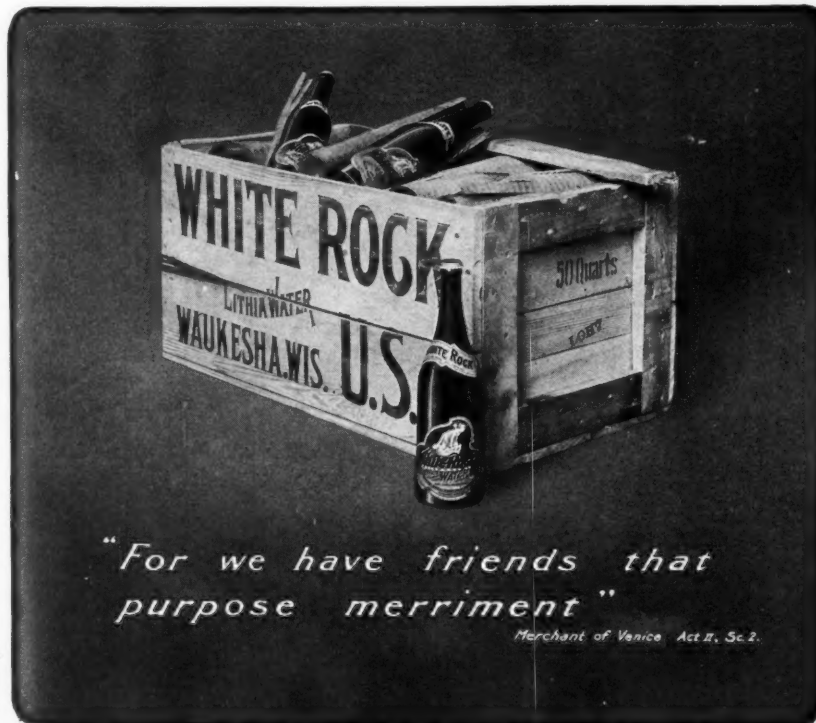
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The Lot of a Wyoming Editor.

EDITING a newspaper is a nice thing. If we publish jokes, people say we are rattle-brained. If we don't, we are fossils. If we publish original matter, they say we don't give them enough selections. If we give them selections, they say we are too lazy to write. If we don't go to church, we are heathens. If we do go, we are hypocrites.

If we remain at the office, we ought to be out looking for news items. If we go out, then we are not attending to business. If we wear old clothes, they laugh at us. If we wear good clothes, they say we have a pull. Now, what are we to do? Just as likely as not some one will say that we stole this from an exchange. So we did. It's from the *Wyoming Derrick*.—Dillon (Wyo.) Doublejack.



"For we have friends that
purpose merriment"

Merchant of Venice Act II, Sc. 2.



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is a drink in which all the ingredients are so carefully blended that whilst no particular one is in evidence yet the delicate flavor of each is apparent.

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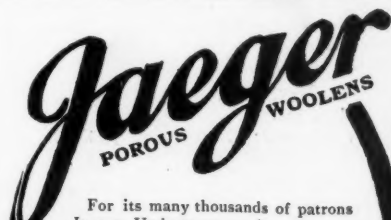
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· LIFE ·



NOT THERE.

"Ahoj, there, don't give up the ship!"
The captain wildly cried;
"I won't," the seasick passenger
Vehemently replied,
"For I've not had a symptom yet
That your old ship's inside."

—Chicago Chronicle.

IF YOU ARE LOOKING

for a perfect condensed milk preserved without sugar,
buy Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Cream. It is a
perfect food for infants.

IN this picker-up of those unconsidered trifles
which that master of style, Charles Lamb, delighted to
dwell on, I may record one of the quaint sayings of a
little girl who was recently adopted by a philan-
thropic lady from an institution for stray bits of in-
fantile humanity thrown from the sea of metropolitan
life in which their parents have been wrecked. This
tot, who is as pretty as the proverbial picture and
wise beyond her years, was hurrying with me the
other day to catch a train; and, unconscious that I
was taxing the little one beyond her power, I said,
with masculine brusqueness:

"Walk faster, walk faster, or we'll be left!"

"Oh, I can't," was the pouting reply; "I'm all
out of air."—Boston Budget.

THE SOUTH FOR HOSPITALITY: The Manor, Asheville,
North Carolina, is the best inn South. Booklet.

VISITOR (at Putin Bay): What do you do in here
all summer?

NATIVE: Loaf and fish.

"And what do you do in the winter?"

"We don't fish."—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

"Do you mean to say you don't have any trouble
in keeping your wife dressed in the height of fashion?"

"That's what I said. My trouble comes when I
don't keep her dressed that way."—Philadelphia
Press.

HOTEL VENDOME, BOSTON.

The ideal hotel of America for permanent and transient
guests.

At a reception at Bar Harbor the other evening
for Miss Alice Roosevelt, a young man was intro-
duced to her. In the embarrassment of having to
say something, he stammered: "Miss Roosevelt—ah—
I'm very happy to meet you—I have often heard of
your father."—Argonaut.

HE: After all, you know, there's nothing to beat
a good musical comedy!

SHE (hesitating): No; except, perhaps, Shake-
speare.—Ex.

DASHAWAY: Have you got a cigar for a friend?

CLEVERTON (bringing out two and handing him one):
Yes. Try this.

DASHAWAY: Not on your life. I'll take the other,
which I see is one of Fonseca's. I don't want the cigars you
give your friends.

"We were bounding along," said a recent traveler
on a local South African single-line railway, "at the
rate of about seven miles per hour, and the whole
train was shaking terribly. I expected every moment
to see my bones protruding through my skin. Pas-
sengers were rolling from one end of the car to the
other. I held on firmly to my seat. Presently we
settled down a bit quieter; at least, I could keep my
hat on, and my teeth didn't chatter.

"There was a quiet-looking man opposite me. I
looked up with a ghastly smile, wishing to appear
cheerful, and said:

"We are going a bit smoother, I see."

"Yes," he said; "we're off the track now."—
London Golfing.

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A Bulldog in a 'Bus.

PLACID but stern, a brindled bulldog sat in a 'bus. In the seat by his side was an elderly gentleman. The conductor came up aghast. "Do you mean to tell me," he said to the passenger, "that you are unacquainted with the police regulations forbidding the presence of dogs in 'buses—especially bulldogs?" he added, eyeing the animal.

"What of that?" answered the elderly gentleman.

The conductor, naturally choleric, like all his colleagues, grew purple with rage: "Remove that dog instantly!" he shouted to the passenger, who, perfectly undisturbed, said, "Certainly not."

"Then get out and take the dog with you."

"By no means."

"I shall throw the dog out myself."

"Do so."

But the conductor did not, having caught the eye of the bulldog, who was beginning to show interest in the proceedings. "I shall call the police," the conductor went on.

"If you like."

The policeman came. "Monsieur is surely aware," he began amiably, "that dogs are not allowed in omnibuses?"

"I dare say they are not," the placid, elderly gentleman replied.

"I request you to remove that dog."

"Most certainly not."

"I shall then take out a summons against you. Kindly give me your name and address."

"With pleasure, if you wish it. But on what ground will you summon me, may I ask?"

"This is too much. You are defying the law. You will be summoned for bringing a bulldog into an omnibus."

"I fancy not. Why did you not explain before? That is not my bulldog, and I have not the least idea why it sits beside me," said the elderly gentleman sweetly.

At this the fury of conductor and policeman grew almost inarticulate. While they were struggling to express their feelings, another man in the omnibus got up suddenly, whistled, jumped out, and the bulldog followed him. The rest of the passengers, delayed a half an hour, hardly appreciated the joke.—*Paris Correspondence London Telegraph.*

THREE-year-old Robert was given a tiny pill of homeopathic medicine by his aunt, and liked it very much. He teased for more, but his aunt said: "If I gave it to you it would make you sick."

"What do you take it for, then?" asked the logical Robert.

"I take it to make me well," answered his aunt.

Robert met this argument by saying: "I'll tell you what you can do, auntie. S'pose you give me half the bottle to make me sick, and then the other half to make me well."—*Washington Star.*



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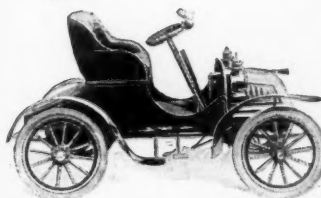
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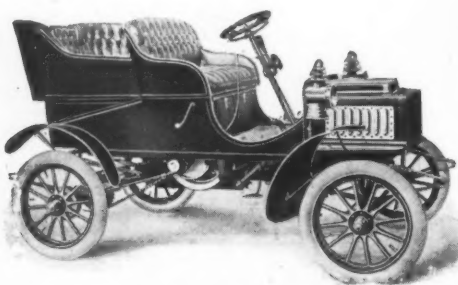
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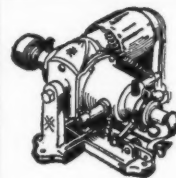
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An "Auto" Idyl.

THE automobile owner crawled
With haste into his car
And said good-by, for he was called
To travel fast and far.

He grasped the steering wheel with glee
And gave the clutch a yank,
And then, with objurgations, he
Climbed down again to crank.

Again he mounted to the seat
Prepared like wind to fly.
Yet there he lingered in the street;
The water tank was dry.

He filled the tank; it seemed a cinch.
Once more he starts to chauff.
Behold, he does not move an inch—
The differential's off.

In rage he toils with might and main
Till he is faint and weak;
Again he starts—and stops again;
The tire's sprung a-leak.

The shades of night are falling fast,
But joy illumines his brow;
He shoots ahead—his trouble's past,
Pray, who can catch him now?

And yet, around the corner, we
May find this same machine;
Its owner is not there, for he
Has gone for gasoline.

—Council Bluffs Nonpareil.

Horse Rescued by Dogs.

SUSQUEHANNA, Pa., Aug. 23.—Farmer Comstock, of Herrick, has two dogs which are accustomed to remain in the barn and have become great friends with the horses. The dogs accompany the horses to pasture and return with them at evening. One of the dogs came running from the barn and was joined by the other dog.

The first dog whined and looked at the other, and then ran to the house, while the second dog started off on a run to the woods. The first dog hunted around the place until he found the farmer, and then by barks attracted his attention, and started back toward the timber, followed by the farmer, who suspected something unusual had happened.

In the woods the farmer found one of his horses had fallen down in a small water course, which was so narrow and steep that it was impossible for the animal to rise. The horse was lying perfectly still, while the second dog was sitting by its head, licking its face and showing by its attention that it intended to comfort the horse all that lay in its power. Comstock summoned help and got the horse out of its trouble.—*Boston Advent.*

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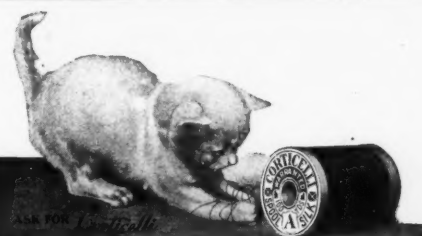
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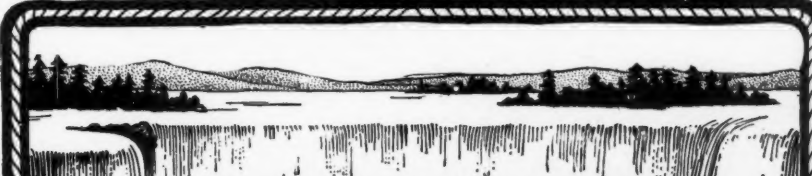
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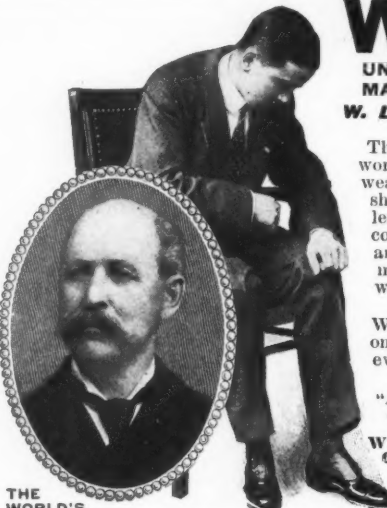
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Vacation at a Seaside Resort.

ON the beach; monsieur and madame, just arrived from the city, looking at the sea:

MADAME: How beautiful!

MONSIEUR: Superb!

MADAME: And how it rests you after Paris.

MONSIEUR: Ah, yes; how far it is from diners and town!

MADAME: And visits and the theatre!

MONSIEUR: And from the club!

MADAME: And from the shops and dress-makers!

MONSIEUR: How beautiful!

MADAME: Superb!

MONSIEUR: What time is it?

MADAME (looking at her watch): What! Already five o'clock? I must fly.

MONSIEUR: Where are you going?

MADAME: To try on. I have ordered a little dress at the English tailor's on Grand Street, you know; the same one who made for me last year this cloak which you like so much. I must hurry; someone will get my turn. And you, what are you going to do?

MONSIEUR: I like to loaf around the club to see if there is any bridge going on there.

MADAME: Don't come in too late to dress; you know that we dine with the G's at the Casino.

MONSIEUR: That's a fact. The A's will be there, and they don't like to dine late.

MADAME: You ought to get a box at the theatre; it will be polite to take them there.

MONSIEUR: What do they give to-night?

MADAME: Oh, I don't know; but they say it is very well done.

MONSIEUR: That's the essential; all right.

MADAME (giving a last look at the sea): Isn't this beautiful, eh?

MONSIEUR: Superb!—Figaro.

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"I simply have to have them. Do you think I can face the people in the courtroom when I am wearing my old clothes?"—*Indianapolis Sun.*

"WILL you kindly tell me who is your choice for President?" asked the passenger in the check suit. "I'm taking a straw vote."

"Hey?" said the slightly deaf passenger. "Well," rejoined the other, "he isn't running, but I'll count your vote just the same."

Marking down one vote for the distinguished Secretary of State, the man in the check suit passed on.—*Chicago Tribune.*



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The picture has no title. LIFE wants the best one that can be suggested. It is not a puzzle picture. The title may be a word, a line, a verse or a quotation.

No suggestion for a title will be considered unless accompanied by Five Dollars to pay for a year's subscription to LIFE. Subscriptions may begin at any time.

The best title will be determined by the Editors of LIFE from titles submitted in the competition. Write your title on an envelope, with your name and address inside. Enclose both with your remittance for subscription. Suggestions must reach LIFE before February 1, 1905. The result will be announced in LIFE for February 23, 1905.

The person who suggests the most appropriate title will receive a

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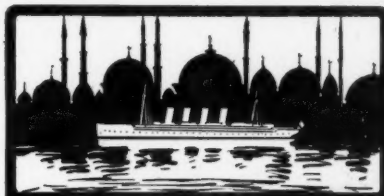
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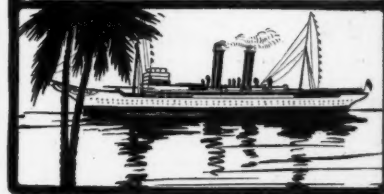
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A RUMOR has recently gone the rounds of the newspapers stating that Dr. Daniel Coit Gilman, the president of the Carnegie Institution at Washington, was about to resign his office. Many different reasons for the resignation were given, among them being that he was breaking down from old age. At last, to get at the truth of it all, a reporter called upon him for a little first-hand information.

"Resign?" was Dr. Gilman's answer; "certainly not." And after an instant's pause he added: "Joseph Le Conte, my old colleague at the University of California, was asked just such a question as you have put to me on his eightieth birthday. His reply will do for mine. He said: 'Why should I resign? I have just begun my life's work.'"—Argonaut.

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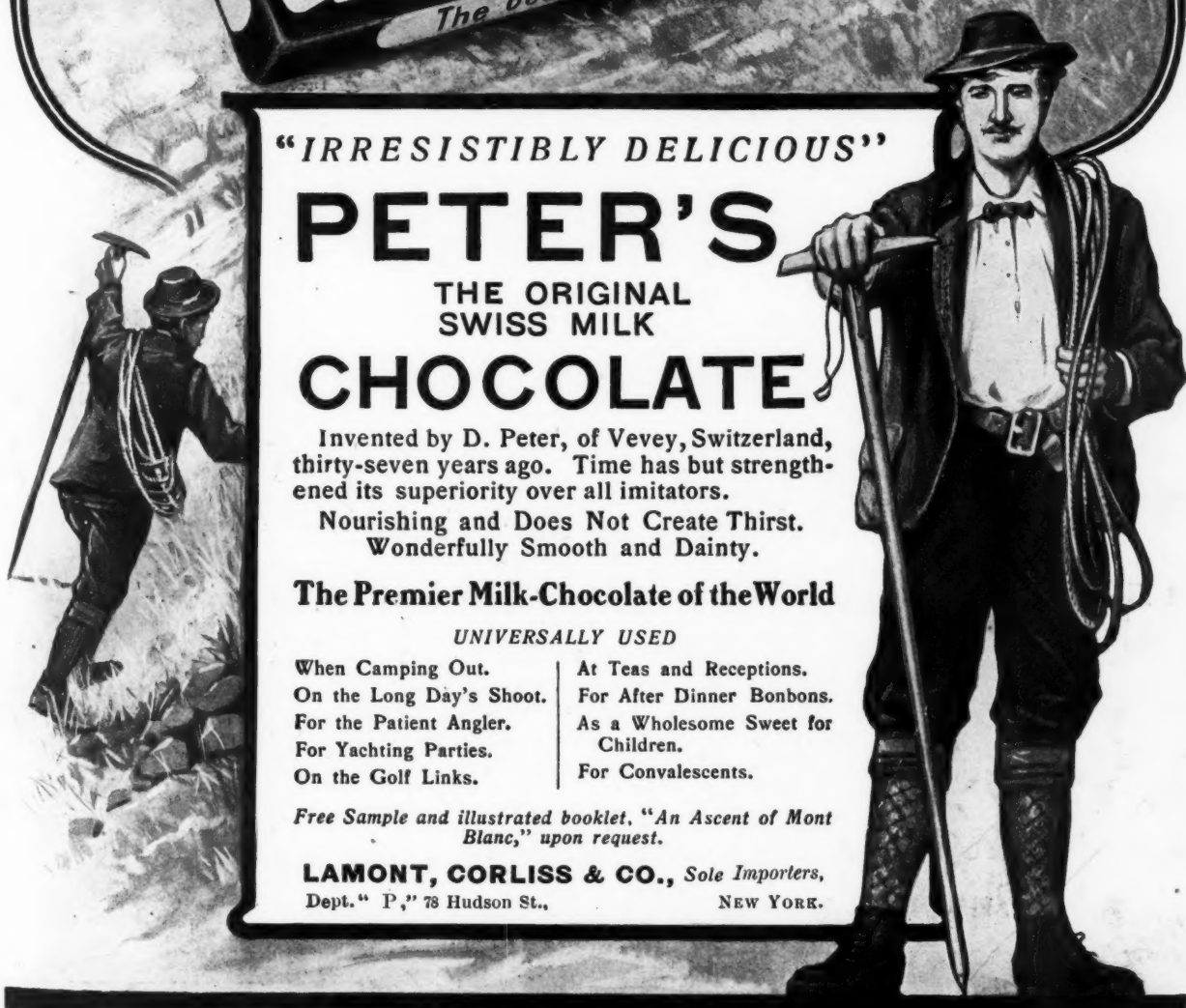
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